The story of Estes Park /

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Estes Park and Continental Divide

The Story of Estes Park

By ENOS A. MILLS

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Longs Peak, Estes Park, Colorado

"Within the district treated we will scarcely be able to find a region so favorably distinguished as that presented by Estes Park. Not only has nature amply supplied this valley with features of rare beauty and surroundings of admirable grandeur, but it has thus distributed them that the eye of an artist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the complete picture presented."
—Dr. F. V. Hayden, father of the Yellowstone National Park, in U. S. Geological Survey of Colorado 1875.

PREFACE

In the forewords to The Story of Estes Park and a Guide Book, which the author brought out in 1905, was the following paragraph:

"This booklet is not the work of a scholar, but of a guide. It is written because a guide book is needed, and for the purpose of conveniently recording the story of Estes Park." It is the hope of the author that all historic localities in the west will have their story written before the pioneers and other sources of information have vanished.

In this edition, the Guide Book is omitted and the original Story of Estes Park, with but few changes in the former text, brought down to date.

In this, The Story of Estes Park, I have quoted extracts from "The Ragged Register," of Miss Anna E. Dickinson, through the courtesy of Harper and Brothers, and from "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," by Isabella L. Bird, with acknowledgments to G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This, as well as the first edition, is inscribed to ROBERT W. JOHNSON.

ENOS A. MILLS.

THE STORY OF ESTES PARK

CHAPTER ONE

Estes Park was named in honor of Joel Estes who established the first permanent settlement in 1860. It is probable that Kit Carson and his band of trappers were the first white men to visit Estes Park and through it they appear to have trapped in 1840.

Joel Estes, like Boone, enjoyed being far from his neighbors, and came to Colorado from Arkansas. One autumn day while hunting, in 1859, he ascended Park hill and from this had the wonderful view down into Estes park. He at once returned to the foothills for Mrs. Estes and early in 1860 they moved into the Park with their effects upon two pack horses. They came in mostly "for hunting and prospecting." A cabin was built on Fish, or Willow Creek, about one block north of the "ranch house" and close to the place where this brook is crossed by the Loveland road.

In 1861 they brought in a two wheeled cart. Except while away on a visit to Arkansas in 1863, the Esteses made the Park their home until the summer of 1866.

In the spring of 1861, Milton Estes, then twenty-one, journeyed to Fort Lupton and wedded Miss Mary L. Flemming, who had come to Colorado in 1859, at the age of seventeen. They moved to the Park at once and on the birth of Charles F. Estes,

February 19, 1865, became the parents of the first white child born in the Park. Mr. and Mrs. Estes still live, and from their lips I heard the story of their Estes Park life. They have promised to put their recollections into writing.

When Estes first came to the Park he saw new lodge poles and other recent Indian signs, but, so far as known, there never was an Indian in the Park since the white man came. In the summer of 1860, in a gulch about one-half mile south of Mary Lake, Milton Estes captured a black Indian pony. Straggling arrow heads have been found over the Park, and to the north west of Moraine Park there used to be a tumbled stone collection that was spoken of as "the ruins of an old Indian fort."

The Estes families lived the simple life. Twice each year they went to the Denver post-office for their mail. On these eventful trips, which were during the spring and fall, they took a small quantity of fish, game or hides to market.

Mrs. Milton Estes not only had a cheerful disposition, but was an excellent cook and house-keeper. Every day, at regular hours, she served three good meals. The ordinary meal consisted of venison, mutton or trout, hot biscuits, butter, berries, coffee and plenty of cream. Cooking was done over the fire-place in kettles, pans and in a dutch oven. Eagle wings ofttimes served for brooms, and pitch pine in the fire-place generally furnished the light.

Sundays and holidays were scarcely noticed—every day was their best day. They were healthy, contented, and even happy. They were at home three years before the first visitors,—some tourist

campers—called. One day little George Estes fell and dislocated an arm, but as doctors were out of the question, the children of the pioneers established the custom of keeping well—a custom still closely followed by Park children. The Estes children had some pet cats and a dog, Mage, that caught fish. With sticks, rocks, sheep and elk horns for toys, the children spent the days happily. All the children were proud of their buckskin moccasins, and the little folks wore dresses that were made of flour sacks.

One of the Estes children became a physician, another served in the Iowa Legislature, and Charles F. Estes is at present working in Boulder, Colorado.

Reviewing her pioneer life, from the distance of forty years, Mrs. Milton Estes said: "We kept well, enjoyed the climate, had plenty of fun, were monarch of all we surveyed, had no taxes, and were contented as long as we remained—but I wish I had pictures of ourselves in those old days and clothes—how we must have looked!"

Several people who called upon the Esteses, while they were monarch of all they surveyed, left written words of praise for their hospitality and jolly nature.

Among the campers who came in during the summer of 1865 were Rev. and Mrs. Richardson, and one August day of this summer he preached in the Estes cabin to ten listeners. Rev. Richardson was a Methodist.

Early in the winter of 1865-6 a deep snow fell over the Park and the entire winter continued cold and snowy. The Esteses began to long for warmer climes and scenes more remote, so early in the spring



Mr. and Mrs. Joel Estes
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Estes, and Charles F. Estes, first white child born in Estes Park

of 1866 they sold out and moved away, and none of them have ever come back. Joel Estes died in New Mexico, in 1875; his wife in Iowa, in 1882. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Estes are alive and for the past few years have been dividing their time in their comfortable homes in Denver, and El Paso, Texas.

The Esteses abdicated their scenic throne for one of the following considerations: Fifty dollars, a yearling steer, or a yoke of oxen. It is impossible to say which one of these is correct, but had Michael Hollenbeck given them all these he had become monarch dirt cheap.

In a few months a Mr. Jacobs gave $250 for the claim, but in a short time it was acquired by a regular Robinson Crusoe of a character called "Buckskin." Late in 1867 the Estes claim came under the control of Griff Evans, and in due course lost its identity by becoming some of the acres of the Earl of Dunraven.

By 1867 many people of the English tongue who were interested in scenery, trout, elk, beaver or stock raising, were repeating agreeable stories concerning Estes Park. For five years hunters, tourists, trappers and homeseekers came and went. But in 1867 Griff Evans founded the first permanent settlement by coming to stay—and by staying for nearly a score of years.

In 1868, "Rocky Mountain Jim"—James Nugent—piled his shack in Muggins gulch, and that year Israel Rowe, hunter and discoverer of Gem lake, built a cabin near the present home of F. W. Crocker, a short distance southwest of the foot of Mount Olympus; and this year Charles W. Dennison, who caused the first death in the Park, built a log house about

midway between the cabins of Rowe and Evans. And this year, too, "Muggins"—George Hearst—pastured his cattle in Muggins gulch on the present Meadow Dale stock ranch. It may have been this year that the first flock of "hoofed locusts"—sheep—were brought in. These sheep were corralled in a stockade each night, but this did not prevent the mountain lions from breaking in and having fresh mutton regularly.

CHAPTER TWO

LONG'S PEAK

Long's Peak caught the eye of Lieutenant Pike one November day, 1806, when he was far out on the plains exploring his way westward. In recording the discovery in his journal he mentions it as "Great Peak."

An exploring party sent out by President Madison came in sight of Great Peak on June 30, 1820. While this exploring party was in camp at the mouth of the Poudre on July 3, 1820, its members named Long's Peak in honor of their commander, Col. S. H. Long. The Pike exploring party were the first to see Long's Peak; and some of the Long party were first to scale Pike's Peak. But neither Pike nor Long was upon the peak that bears his name.

In the "Oregon Trail" Dr. Parkman records that he saw Long's Peak in 1845.

The first attempt to climb Long's seems to have been made in August, 1864, by the man who first scaled Mount of the Holy Cross and who named Estes Park—W. N. Byers, founder of the Rocky Mountain News. With three companions, Mr. Byers

scaled Mount Meeker and went some distance through Keyhole on the present trail of Long's. The attempt was unsuccessful, and on the 20th of August, 1864, Mr. Byers wrote: "We have been almost all around the peak and we are quite sure that no living creature, unless it had wings to fly, was ever upon its summit. We believe we run no risk in predicting that no man will ever be, though it is barely possible that the ascent can be made."

Four years later the intrepid Mr. Byers broke his own prediction by leading a party of climbers to the top. "On August 23, 1868, the first ascent of Long's Peak was made. The persons who made it were: Maj. J. W. Powell, W. H. Powell, L. W. Keplinger, Samuel Gorman, Ned E. Farrell, John C. Sumner and William N. Byers." "There was not the slightest indication that human foot ever trod the summit before." This party made barometric and other observations and built the large cairn on the southeast corner of the summit.

In making this ascent the climbers started from Grand lake and rode to timberline on the west side of the range, about ten miles southwest of the peak. Here they were compelled to leave their horses.

They spent an entire day trying to climb Long's over the thin, jagged ledge that connects it with the main range. Failing, they descended to timberline on the St. Vrain. and made camp for the night a little west of south of Long's steep upshooting granite top. Around their camp numerous bears were feeding on the myriads of grasshoppers that had chilled and fallen in crossing the cold, snowy range. It was one of the years that Colorado was afflicted with a locust plague.



"Granny Phair"
Mrs. M. S. S. Phair, who came to the Park in 1874 and remained eighteen years. Mount Olympus in the background.

The night was cloudy, but "unexpectedly the day dawned fair," and the low drifting clouds cleared away as they climbed. The southerly slope up which they climbed is in places akin to a precipice, and in two places they found the way barely possible and perilously steep, but the summit was reached without accident. After some exploring, Mr. Byers saw a way—the present one—by which one can go from the summit to where he had been, four years ago, near Keyhole.

Mr. Byers' account of this successful climb had hardly been published in the Rocky Mountain News when three men and a woman set up a claim of earlier ascent. After long and careful investigation, I think that the Byers party were the first on the summit of Long's Peak.

In all probability the first woman on Long's was the celebrated lecturer, Miss Anna E. Dickinson. This was in September, 1871, and possibly was by moonlight. Both Mr. and Mrs. Evans, who came to the Park one year before the first men were on the peak, and who lived in the Park for many years, are positive that Miss Dickinson was the first woman on Long's. Miss Dickinson made the climb as the guest of Professor Hayden of the United States Geological Survey. The night after the climb the Hayden party camped at timberline, at the point touched by the present trail up Long's. While in this camp the party seemed to have named the companion peaks—Mount Lady Washington and Mount Meeker—of Long's. Miss Dickinson wrote the following concerning the evening's experiences by the timberline camp fire:

"We were taken in hand by the Hayden party, thereby gaining the experience and memory of Long's Peak, and the companionship through a few days of men who ought to be immortal if superhuman perseverance and courage are guarantees of immortality. . . . I looked at all the little party, with ardent curiosity and imagination, braving rain, snow, sleet, hail, hunger, thirst, exposure, bitter nights, snowy climbs, dangers of death—sometimes a score on a single mountain—for the sake not of a so-called great cause, not in hot blood, but with still patience and unwearied energy for an abstract science—no more, since the majority can not work even for fame.

"We sat around the great camp fire that was kept heaped with whole trunks of dead trees, and watched the splendors of sun-setting till they were all gone, and, these vanished, sat on by the blazing fire by the solemn, stately majesties, talking of many things—strange stories of adventure in mountain and gorge, climbs through which a score of times life had suspended simply on strength of fingers, nice poise on a hand ledge thrust out into eternity, wild tales of frontier struggles, intricacies of science, discussions of human life and experience in crowded cities, devotion and enthusiasm shown in any cause—all things, in fact, that touch the brain and soul, the heart and life, of mortals who really live, and do not merely exist. A talk worth climbing that height to have and to hold."

In August, 1871, Rev. E. J. Lamb, the first regular guide on Long's, made his first ascent, and in coming down, descended the "east precipice," a feat but once repeated—by Enos A. Mills in June, 1903.

Early in October, 1873, the peak was climbed by four people not unknown to fame. They were Miss Bird, ex-Mayor Platt Rogers of Denver, Judge S. S. Downer of Boulder and "Rocky Mountain Jim." In January, 1905, Mr. Rogers wrote for this book an account of his experiences in making the climb. The account pictures characters and portrays conditions in a masterly manner. Here is his sketch:

"In September, 1873, S. S. Downer (now Judge Downer of Boulder) and I rode across country from Greeley to Estes Park and we stopped for the night at Longmont.

"The proprietor of the hotel, learning our destination, asked that a lady, then at the hotel, might accompany us. We were not at all partial to such an arrangement as we were traveling light and free and the presence of a woman would naturally operate as a restraint upon our movements. However, we could not refuse, and we consoled ourselves with the hope that she would prove young, beautiful and vivacious. Our hopes were dispelled when, in the morning, Miss Bird appeared, wearing bloomers, riding cowboy fashion, with a face and figure not corresponding to our ideals.

"Our progress was slow, as she rode a pony of no considerable speed, and it was well along in the afternoon when we came upon the cabin of Nugent, locally known as "Rocky Mountain Jim," in Muggins' gulch. Jim came out and engaged us in conversation, his one eye, long hair and leather costume giving him a picturesque air—such an air as delights the romantic female heart.

"Miss Bird was interested if not impressed, and



Old Half Way House between Denver and Estes Park
For fifty years the home of Chester L. Smead. In this Miss Anna E. Dickinson, Helen Hunt, Miss Isabella L. Bird, Dr. F. V. Hayden, Lord Dunraven, Albert Bierstadt and Rocky Mountain Jim have been entertained.
On the St. Vrain River near Lyons

when Jim gave her some beaver pads, which had been hanging against his cabin, she was quite ready to accept him at his own valuation. He rode with us part of the way into the Park and I observed then as I did several times after, that in looking at his face from the side of his good eye, he came very near reproducing the conventional profile of Shakespeare. I forbore mentioning this resemblance to him as his vanity was already complete.

"The only habitable, if not the only inhabited, cabin in the park at that time, was that of Griff Evans, and this was our destination. I can not speak of Griff without paying tribute to his genial, kindly

nature, which it was my privilege to enjoy on several subsequent occasions.

"It was the last of September and the days were delicious. Except for the fence about the meadow in front of his cabin, the Park was untouched by the hand of the settler, and we were free to range it in every direction. Mountain sheep and other large game could be seen in the morning coming down to water.

"We spent our time generally in riding with Griff along the streams and over the hills looking up his cattle—Miss Bird always being one of the party.

"Although it was very late in the season, she wanted to climb Long's Peak. She was continuously being reminded of experiences in the Sandwich Islands and the event of her travels seemed to have been the ascent of the volcano of Kalauea. Now, the only guides to the peak in those days were Griff and Jim and each held in contempt and derision the trail used by the other in making the ascent. Miss Bird wanted Jim, and Mr. Downer was finally persuaded to ride over to Muggins' gulch and see him and make the necessary arrangement. Jim came, according to arrangement, riding a solid little pony and followed by his dog, Ring. Griff rendered us great assistance by cautioning Downer and me to keep our whiskey flasks from Jim, whose worthlessness in the presence of liquor was well known to him.

"We started early in the day and made camp at timberline, just opposite a tremendous snowbank on the slope of the peak. We spent the evening before the camp fire, very much after the manner described in her book. Jim was resourceful, romantic and rem-



Base ball game in 1889 between the Kansas University and Estes Park nines. Among the players are Ger
Frederick Funston, William Allen White, Governor Hadley, Howard P. James and C. E. Lester.
One-fourth mile south of Estes Park postoffice.

iniscent. His adventures with the bear in Middle Park, which cost him his eye, was elaborated for Miss Bird's benefit, and all the doggerel which he had composed in the loneliness of Muggins' gulch was recited by him. The principal theme of his poems was himself, varied by references to a fair maiden, of whom he seemed to be enamored, and whom, we afterwards learned, was Griff Evans' daughter.

"We were up before sunrise the next morning. Miss Bird mounted her pony and the rest walked. When we reached the lava beds she could ride no further and her horse was lariated. After passing the notch* Downer and I had a controversy with Jim as to the best way to get over the slide. He insisted on going to the bottom near the head waters of the Big Thompson, and then climbing again until Keyhole was reached. Downer and I thought we could reach the Keyhole directly and without the long descent and arduous climb. Miss Bird attached herself to Jim and we went our respective ways, Downer and I reaching Keyhole while Jim and Miss Bird were somewhere in the gulch below. This made a long wait, and when they finally came up with us she was so fagged that she was unable to make her way unaided up the last steep slope of the peak. By alternately pulling and pushing her and stimulating her with snow soaked with Jamaica ginger, we got her to the top. We were then so late that we could remain but a short time, and we started on our return in the early afternoon. Jim insisted on the miserable trail he had followed in coming, and consequently he

*The lava beds now are Boulderfield; The notch, Keyhole; while the keyhole here referred to is the top of the trough.—Mills.

and Miss Bird floundered in the depths of the gulch once more while Downer and I returned by the upper and more direct trail, which necessitated another wait on our part at the lava beds. When Jim got her to the top again she was unable to mount her horse. She was therefore lifted on and practically held on until we got to camp, where she was lifted off, in fact, she was completely 'done.' We passed another night there and the following day returned to Griff's cabin.

"Miss Bird was quite taken with Jim, who represented himself as the son of an English army officer who had been stationed somewhere in Canada, and he made some pretensions to a former state of refinement. She was disposed to resent our want of faith in him and the jollying we felt compelled to give him.

"Downer and I looked upon her somewhat in the light of an encumbrance, though when her book was published we realized that we had had the great good fortune to travel with a woman whose ability to describe the manifold beauties of Estes Park has never been excelled. She was a thoroughly disciplined and observant traveler, although of too light a build to perform of her own strength the task she had set for herself.

"Her physical unattractiveness, which so influenced us when we first met her, was really more than compensated for by a fluent and graphic pen, which made the mountains as romantic and beautiful as doubtless were her own thoughts."

Concerning their first evening at timberline, Miss Bird says:

"The long shadows of the pines lay upon the frosted ground, an aurora leaped fitfully, and the

moorlight, though intensely bright, was pale beside the red, leaping flames of our pine logs and their red glow on our gear, ourselves, and Ring's truthful face. One of the young men (Rogers and Downer) sang a Latin student's song and two negro melodies; the other 'Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer.' Jim sang one of Moore's melodies in a singular falsetto, and all together sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and 'Red, White and Blue.' Then Jim recited a clever poem of his own composition, and told some fearful Indian stories."

Many people in the early seventies appear to have climbed Long's and to have written their experience for publication, for in September, 1874, the editor of the Boulder News, in declining an account, says: "The Long's Peak communication is decidedly well written but the subject is threadbare."

On September 23, 1884, Miss Carrie J. Welton, an eccentric, cultured and wealthy young lady from Massachusetts, who had given enormous sums of money to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, perished at Keyhole on her way down from the summit. She gave out at the Trough, but the guide, Carlyle Lamb, succeeded in getting her as far down as Keyhole, where he, at her urgent request, left her and went to the Long's Peak house for help. He left her about nine o'clock at night, and it was almost morning before he could get back to her through the cold, windy night with assistance. Then she was dead. Overexertion, together with the cold had killed her. She did not freeze to death. On the way up the weather was cold and windy and at Keyhole the guide, noticing how weak she was, suggested that



Former Toll Gate on the Road About Midway Between the Park and Lyons

they turn back. She declined, saying that she had never undertaken anything without going through with it. The guide should have refused to go further. Guides on mountain peaks must sometimes become imperators. Rebecca Morrow Reavis wrote a fairly accurate account, in verse, of the last climb of Miss Welton, together with a worthy tribute to her. The poem embraces twenty-two stanzas. Here is the fifteenth:

"Ah, sweet maiden, thus you parted
From the world's dull care and strife,
Leaving loved ones broken hearted,
While you enter higher life.
You have reached the distant summit;
You have won the treasured goal,
And your spirit reaching from it,
Still upbears your noble soul."

The trail has had not only its quarrels and tragedies, but its comedies and romances. Early in the writer's guiding experience he one day set off for the summit with a party of young people, two of whom met for the first time on the morning of the climb; but their brief acquaintance did not prevent their becoming engaged before the summit of the peak was reached, and thirty days after this engagement they were married.

In the summer of 1892 a rock-rolling climber accidentally dropped his revolver, which exploded, and gave him a mortal wound.

One August night in 1896, the first moonlight climb was made by H. C. Rogers, and the first winter climb by Enos A. Mills in February, 1903. Miss Lucy W. Evans made a night climb in August, 1903. In August, 1904, Professor S. A. Farrand, aged seventy-four, and Ethel Husted, aged ten, climbed unas-

sisted to the summit. Mrs. E. J. Lamb climbed unassisted to the summit on her seventieth birthday.

During the summer of 1901-2 Professor L. G. Carpenter, together with engineering students from the Colorado Agricultural College, Jackson, True, Lamb and Richardson, determined the altitude, 14,256 feet, by running a line of levels from a U. S. G. S. bench mark in Estes Park.

CHAPTER THREE

BIG GAME

Estes Park was abundantly stocked with game. Sheep, deer, bear and lion were formerly plentiful, and elk roamed by the hundred. "It is a good thing we did not have modern guns," said Milton Estes, "we would have had too much time on our hands." In 1871, while a boarder was eating breakfast at Evans', the hired man asked Evans: "What shall I kill today; elk, deer or sheep?" Thousands of elk horns were strewn over the park up to the early nineties. Fortunately for the park, mountain lions made early sheep ranging unprofitable. During the autumn of 1885 the manager of the Dunraven ranch offered $50 for the death of a stock-killing grizzly.

The Rocky Mountain News of September 26, 1896, contains the following: "In Estes Park the usual routine of cards, drives and dances was broken this week by the trapping of a bear. On last Sunday night a bear killed a steer belonging to Dr. James. This was discovered the following day and a gigantic steel bear trap set by the carcass and fastened to

a small eighteen-foot log. The next night the bear returned for a rare steak and plunged his foot into the trap, and dragged it and the log to which it was fastened, to a small lakelet near by. The next morning a few guests from Elkhorn Lodge visited the point of interest and found the bear sitting in the lake with his head covered with blood. The bear greeted his visitors so passionately that they flew down the mountain, never stopping until they met reinforcements. The party now consisted of about twenty-five men, women and children, armed with rifles and kodaks. Another advance was made, and a halt was not called until they were very near the bear, which was now on dry ground. Kodaks were aimed and the hands holding them were about as quiet as a seismograph in an earthquake. It was a case of shaking before taking, while taking and after taking, too. The bear evidently thought it was the pressing opportunity of his life, and charged the group. None belonged to the standing army. There was a stampede. Ladies and gentlemen trod on each other's heels; they tripped one another; they fell over logs in a confused manner and tore madly through the bushes. Miss James made a mistake and ran toward the bear. Discovering her mistake just as the bear was about to embrace his opportunity, she turned, caught her dress, and for a moment was in great danger. At last some one discovered that the bear had stopped. The stampeders stopped in order of lung capacity. The trap, chain and log had entangled among some aspens and held the bear fast. The bear weighed 800 pounds and mearsured eight feet from tip to tip."

Mary lake, with its alkaline shore, has long been

the Mecca for mountain sheep, and hundreds of these proud, graceful animals have been killed near it. As late as 1896, the writer has seen young lambs, ewes and old rams sporting, resting and posing on Sheep rock and other rocks near the lake. Sheep still frequent this place. In the spring of 1903 an old ram became entangled by his horns in a wire fence just above the lake, and struggled until the barbs cut his throat so that he bled to death. His struggles had torn the staples from the posts for 100 yards. It was a humiliating death for one of the proudest, boldest of animals.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN

In the autumn and early winter of 1872, Earl Dunraven, with his guests, Sir William Cummings and Earl Fitzpatrick, shot big game in the park. Dunraven was so delighted with the abundance of game and the beauty and grandeur of the scenes that he determined to have Estes Park as a game preserve.

His agent at once set to work to secure the land. Men were hired to file on claims, and ultimately about 14,000 acres were supposed to have been secured from the government.

In 1874, Albert Bierstadt, the celebrated artist, came in as the guest of Dunraven, and at once selected sites for Dunraven's cottage and the Estes Park hotel. Bierstadt was delighted with Estes Park, and made the second trip to it. Here he made many sketches and secured material for some of his famous

pictures. His favorite place was on the shore of the lake which now bears his name. A painting of Long's Peak from Bierstadt Lake for years hung in the rotunda of the Capital at Washington.

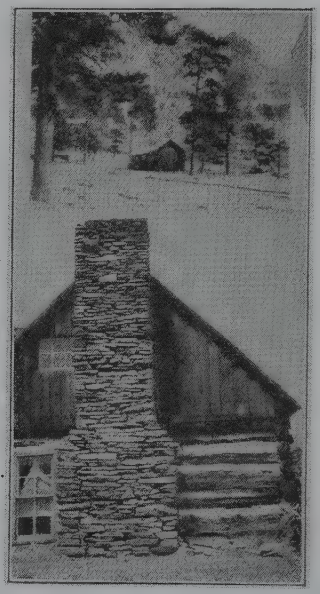
Meantime, many of Dunraven's land claims were contested. His agent had secured much of the land by loose or fraudulent methods and some by bullying homeseekers, R. Q. McGregor and others contested the twenty-one original claims. The contestants claimed that "these twenty-one claims had been entered by not more than five or six men; that the claimants had never lived on the land; that there were neither house nor fence—nor any improvement on any of the land." There are three "old timers" still living in the park, who insist that the greater portion of Dunraven's land was fraudulently secured. Dunraven came out with about 8,000 acres, but his agent claimed something like 15,000, and for many years controlled that amount.

Trouble concerning land titles, the rapid slaughter of game by both tourists and settlers and other reasons finally led Lord Dunraven to give up the game preserve idea.

CHAPTER FIVE

SETTLEMENT

The first death in the Park seems to have been that of Charles D. Miller—for whom the Miller Fork was named—who was accidentally shot by Charles W. Dennison. The second death was by a climber on Mount Olympus accidentally shooting himself.



First Store and Postoffice. Near Two Owls.
House in which the first wedding occurred.
Home of H. W. Ferguson.

He was buried on the south side of the Thompson, just below the mouth of Fall river.

The Chicago Tribune of August 15, 1871, had this communication: "Mr. Evans and others contemplate putting up a cheap hotel for next season. . . . I see no reason why this can not be made a prosperous resort, worth a dozen Saratogas to the invalid. . . But no one should come in a wagon, as a pony or mule is the best, allowing the trip to be made in a day from Longmont."

Prof. F. V. Hayden, at the head of the United

States Geological Survey, did some work in the park in September, 1871. In his report for 1875, referring to Estes Park, he says: "Not only has nature amply supplied this valley with features of rare beauty and surroundings of admirable grandeur, but it has thus distributed them that the eye of an artist may rest with perfect satisfaction on the complete picture presented."

In 1872, while F. W. Crocker and Rev. Washington McClintock were camping in the park, they noticed that the bill of fare of a near-by tent neighbor was very scanty, so one evening Rev. McClintock carried over some of their superabundance of trout and tactfully offered them to the tent people, but was repulsed by a garrulous woman who demanded if they were dressed. "Good evening, madame." Neither the disposition of the trout nor the thoughts of the reverend gentleman are recorded.

In 1874, a stage line was established between the park and Longmont, and the same year Mr. and Mrs. R. Q. McGregor came in and located at Black canon, where Mrs. McGregor became postmaster the next year. In 1876 the postoffice was transferred to the ranch house and Mrs. Evans became postmaster. John T. Cleave became postmaster during 1877 but did not move the office to the present location, at the junction of Fall river with the Thompson, until ten years later.

During 1875, many came in to stay. John Jones and John Hupp settled in Beaver Park; Abner E. Sprague and his parents in Moraine Park; H. W. Ferguson at the Highlands, and Rev. and Mrs. Lamb, after two weeks' chopping, got a wagon through to the present location of Long's Peak Inn. Mr. and

Mrs. W. E. James came to Black canon, but moved and started Elkhorn Lodge in 1877. The Estes Park hotel was built and opened in 1877.

Each and all the early settlers had many strange and interesting experiences. They had the alert and character-building experiences of the pioneer. They had hard work, inconveniences, wild game, and occasionally hard times. But they did not then need sympathy, nor have they craved it since.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN JIM

James Nugent, "Rocky Mountain Jim," came to his death in the days of the pioneers, the only real Estes Park tragedy. Jim's associates, his uncertain and irregular past, his braggadocia, bravery, chivalry, liking for poetry, and writing of doggeral, his romatic association with Miss Bird, his debauches, moods, kind acts, his white mule, his picturesque dress, the cowardly manner in which he was shot and the dramatic manner of his desth—all these make him the star character who has thus far played in Estes Park scenes. He may have been "a nephew of General Beauregard" and hailed from the South, but he also claimed to have been the "son of an English army officer stationed in Canada." Meddling parents, with a lovely maiden in the background may have started him on his reckless way. He seems to have served with both the Hudson Bay and American Fur companies; seems to have bushwhacked in the Kansas "border warfare," and may have been with both Quantrell and Hamilton. He seems to have come to Estes in 1868, and built his cabin in Muggins' gulch. Going from Estes Park to Lyons, his cabin stood at the

mouth of the first gulch on the right as one descends Muggins' gulch.

Jim hunted, trapped, kept a few cattle, and made frequent trips to Denver and Boulder. On a few of these trips he was drunk and quarrelsome, but generally he was jovial and generous. Every old-timer along the way between the Park and Denver with whom I have talked, say that they were "always glad to see Jim and his white mule coming." The Boulder News of October 17, 1873, contains this item:

"'Rocky Mountain Jim' is talking of writing a book. Jim has, under a rough crest, no mean abilities, coupled with a heart that beats right, and if he writes a book we predict it will not be tedious and unreadable."

"It is known that Jim had a mass of written matter just before he was shot, but I have failed to find any of it. The refrain of one of his love ditties was—

"While in Muggins Gulch not far away,
Lived a poor trapper."

"'Rocky Mountain Jim' came down from Estes Park last Tuesday, bringing along 300 pounds of trout, for a share of which he has our thanks. Jim never forgets a friend, nor enemy, either."—Boulder News, November 14, 1873.

After the custom of Indians, and like most guides and many frontiersmen, Jim gave careful attention to publicity by acting as his own press agent. Concerning Jim, the following seem established: A braggart who had a big, better, bashful nature; in readiness to die, he was brave as the bravest, though often a moral coward; was revengeful and generous; had a few

enemies and many friends; paid his debts, wrote doggerel, was handsome and made some pretentions as a writer.

In Middle Park, July 6, 1871 he lost an eye, and very nearly his life, in a fight with a bear. While crawling upon some deer, near Grand lake, armed with only a revolver and knife, his dog came running up, closely pursued by a bear and her cubs. The bear at once turned on Jim, who fired four shots into her before she downed him, then with his knife, continued fighting until he became unconscious. He was lying in a pool of blood when he came to, and near by was the dead bear. He was very weak and terribly "chawed up." His left arm was dislocated, scalp nearly torn off and one eye was missing. He crawled to his camp, mounted his faithful mule and started for Grand Lake. Twice he became unconscious and fell off. But on reviving each time, the mule was found grazing nearby and was remounted with great pain and difficulty, and the journey continued. At Grand lake his yells for a time frightened the few settlers, who were expecting an Indian raid. When, at last, they ventured out and found Jim lying unconscious, one remarked: "Indians are 'round, sure; here is a man scalped." Two years later, in Estes Park, Jim appeared to Miss Anna Dickinson, in this light: "'Rocky Mountain Jim,' who having peregrinated up to see us, sat contentedly and looked at us with his one bright eye, finally in quaint language and with concise vividness narrating many a tale of bear and other desperate fights, one of which had two years before nearly ended his days—had broken his right arm, stove in three ribs, torn out his left eye, and 'chawed' him up generally, and yet left spirit and

grit enough to tell a story well and to get through a close shave bravely."

The lines that follow are a condensation of what Miss Bird wrote concerning Jim: "Among the scrub, not far from the track, was a rude, black log cabin, with smoke coming out of the roof and window. It looked like the den of a wild beast. The mud roof was covered with lynx, beaver and other skins laid out to dry, beaver paws were pinned out on the logs, a part of a carcass of a deer hung at one end of the cabin, a skinned beaver lay in front of a heap of peltry just within the door, and antlers of deer and old horse, shoes lay about the den. The den was dense with smoke and very dark, littered with hay, old blankets, powder flasks, old books and magazines, and relics of all kinds. The owner, a broad, thick-set man about middle height, with an old cap on his head, with a hunting suit almost falling to pieces, a digger's scarf knotted about his waist, a knife in his belt and a revolver sticking out of the breast pocket of his coat. His face was remarkable. He is a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. He has large gray-blue eyes, deeply set, a handsome, aquiline nose, a very handsome mouth. His face was smooth-shaven except for a dense mustache and imperial. Tawny hair in thin, uncared-for curls, fell over his collar. Desperado was written in large letters all over him. He had no better seat to offer me than a log, but offered it with graceful unconsciousness. I read my letter, "The Ascent of Long's Peak," and was sincerely interested with the taste and acumen of his criticism on the style. He is a true child of nature; his eye brightened and his whole face be-

came radiant, and at last tears rolled down his cheek when I read the account of the glory of the sunrise. He then read us a very able paper on Spiritualism which he was writing. He told stories of nis early youth, and of a great sorrow which had led him to embark on a lawless and desperatel ife. His voice trembled, and tears rolled down his cheek. Essentially an actor, was he, I wonder, posing on the previous day was he to impose upon my credulity or frighten me; or was it a genuine and unpremeditated outburst of passionate regret for the life which he had thrown away? I can not tell, but I think it was the last. . . . Yesterday a gentlemen came who I thought was another stranger, strikingly handsome, well dressed, and barely forty, with sixteen shining gold curls falling down his collar—the redoubtable desperado. Evans courteously pressed him to stay and dine with us, and he showed the most singular conversational dexterity in talking with the stranger, who was a well-informed man. I left on Birdie, Evans riding with me as far as Nugent's. I should not have been able to leave if Mr. Nugent had not offered his services (to take her over the snow-drifted roads and ice-covered streams to near Loveland). Evans said I could be safer and better cared for with no one. He added: 'His heart is good and kind, as kind a heart as ever beat. He's a great enemy of his own, but he's been living pretty quietly for the last four years.' The two men (Evans and Jim) shook hands kindly. Some months later 'Rocky Mountain Jim' fell by Evans' own hand—shot from Evan's doorstep while riding past his cabin."

Evans was drunk when he shot Jim, but the

shooting was cowardly and uncalled for. The stories that Jim was in love with Evans' daughter, and that he insulted her, are stories that seemed not to have become known until after the shooting. Evans and Jim were incompatible; both drank heavily at times, and they had had several quarrels. Evans was associated with those who were schemeing to fraudulently secure the whole of Estes Park for Lord Dunraven. Jim opposed his land scheme, and opposed it with threatening armed presence, and with his pen. At the time that Jim was shot he seemed to be making a winning fight against the land scheme. Naturally the old-timers were with Jim, and a concensus of their opinions is that "English gold killed Jim for opposing the land scheme."

Evans told the writer that he shot Jim for insulting his daughter. But incidental remarks of Evans to the writer concerning the affair did not harmonize with the studied assertion. A claim is made that there was a woman in the case; a woman to whom the man behind Evans and Jim were paying attention. The common belief of the neighborhood at the time of the shooting was that "Evans was hired to do it." It does seem that Evans was only an agent when he did the shooting, but his hatred for Jim and the hatred of his backer, the land unpleasantry and whisky all combined in causing Evans to do the shooting.

A friend who was with Jim at the time of the shooting gave A. E. Sprague an account of it a day or two after it happened. Here is the substance of it: Jim and friend were returning from a ride and stopped to water their horses at the little stream by Evans'

house. Evans and Lord H. were in one of Evans' cabins drinking—possibly Evans was being toned up to do the deed. When Jim left the stream Lord H., putting a double-barrel shotgun into Evans' hands, said: "I want you to protect me." Evans took the gun and as Jim passed near, fired two shots in rapid succession, and without warning. The first shot probably missed Jim and hit an old stage coach that stood by; but Jim fell from his horse with a load of buckshot in his body as the result of the second shot. At the trial one witness swore that Lord H. said to Evans: "Give him another; he's not dead yet."

This fellow, Brown, who was with Jim at the time of the shooting, and who gave Mr. Sprague the above accout of it, disappeared a few days after the shooting and has never been heard of since. · It is probable that Lord H. paid this important witness to disappear.

For a time it appeared that Jim would recover. He wrote an account of the shooting for a Fort Collins paper, and in this stated that the land troubles were at the bottom of the shooting. Meantime Evans visited Jim and asked to be forgiven; Jim's reply is said to have been: "No, damn you, I'll forgive you with lead when I get well." Jim did not get well and the talk of the time was that the attending physician was hired to put him out of the way. Possibly public opinion was correct, but it appears more probable "that a piece of buckshot that had lodged in Jim's skull had dropped in upon his brain," or that "the base of Jim's brain had become putrid from a piece of a buckshot that had entered it the day of the shooting."

CHAPTER SIX

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD-BISHOP

Miss Bird, who visited the Park in 1873, was one of the world's greatest woman travelers and is the author of many books of travel. She was a scholarly English woman, a nature lover and a woman of uncommon pluck. Anyone interested in Estes Park, or in a delightful book of travel, would do well to read her "A Lady's Life fn the Rocky Mountains," which for the most part is filled with her Estes Park experiences.

She came into the Park late in September and made her final leave early in December. The Evanses and others say that, for a time, she was in love with Rocky Mountain Jim. Jim was a picturesque and interesting fellow and might easily delight a young lady author without her falling in love with him. He had been a scout, and was a bear killer, wore a showy costume, quoted poetry, wrote verse, wore long hair and was a striking figure. Naturally, most young ladies would be greatly interested in him; Miss Bird certainly was. I cannot think that Miss Bird was in love with Jim—but she may have been just the same. She refused to write anything concerning her Estes Park experiences for this book.

She was, I suppose, the first boarder in the Park. The following, from her book, are some of her experiences: "A log cabin made of big hewn logs. The chinks snould be filled with mud and lime, but these are wanting. The roof is formed of barked young spruce, then a layer of hay, and an outer coat of mud, nearly all flat. The floors are roughly boarded. The

living room is about sixteen feet square, and has a rough stone chimney in which pine logs are always burning."

She says that her room has "a stone chimney, a hay bed, a window that opens on a lake," and that "neither of my doors has a lock, and, to say the truth, neither will shut, as the wood has swelled." Of her landlord she wrote:

"Griff, as Evans is called, is short and small, and is hospitable, careless, reckless, jolly, social, convival, peppery, good-natured, nobody's enemy but his own —and a generally jollv fellow. His cheery laugh rings through the cabin from early morning, and is contagious, and when the rafters ring at night with songs, what would the chorus be without poor Griff's voice? . . . He has a most industrious wife, a girl of seventeen, and four children, all musical, but . . . though he is a kind husband, her lot, as compared with her lord's, is like that of a squaw. . . . I pay $8 a week, which includes the unlimited use of a horse, when one can be found and caught. . . . The regular household living and eating together at this time consists of a very intelligent and high-minded American couple, . . . whose character, culture and society I should value anywhere; . . . a young Englishman . . . called the Earl; a miner prospecting for silver; a young man, the type of intelligent, practical young America, whose health showed consumptive tendencies . . . is living a hunter's life here; a grown-up niece of Evans; and a melancholy-looking hired man. . . . We never get letters . . . unless someone rides to Longmont for them. Two or three novels and a copy of

Out West are our literature. Our latest newspaper is seventeen days old. Conversation at the table: The last grand aurora, the prospect of a snowstorm, track and sign of elk and grizzly, rumors of a bighorn herd near the lake, the canons in which the Texas cattle were last seen, the merits of different rifles, the progress of two obvious love affairs, the probability of someone coming up from the plains with letters, 'Rocky Mountain Jim's' latest mood or escapade, and the merits of his dog, Ring, as compared with those of Evans' dog, Plunk, are among the topics which are never abondoned or exhausted."—October, 1873.

CHAPTER SEVEN

FROM PIONEERING TO THE PRESENT

Those who live peoneer lives are generally the most fortunate of people. They suffer from no dull existence. They are awake at all times, living in every atom of their being. Each hour is full of progressive thought. Their lives are full of new occasions that call for actions that are accompanied with the explorer's charm—actions that make their lives strong, sincere and sweet. Their days are full of eagerness and repose. They work with happy hands. They and the world are young. They are rich with hope and their future has all the promise of spring. The joy of home building is at its best when a log cabin rises in the wilderness. It means something to have no light but that flickering one from the rude fireplace which you have shaped with your own hands. To build a log cabin on the fresh wild mountain slope, and by its frontier fireplace explore the

fiairylands of enchanting thought, is indeed a blessing.

Early days in Estes park gave rare personality to its pioneers. Some of the good old people are still with us, and if you like the picturesque frontier restored with the concise vividness of early days, just lead any of these heroic old timers to become reminiscent.

There is a sad incident of early settlement that came to a thrifty young German named George Bode. He homesteaded in the extreme north end of the park, finished a cozy rustic home, completing the interior with striking wood carvings, then sent passage money to Germany to the dear girl he left behind. She refused the money, saying she would pay her own way, but desired him to meet her in New York. He went to meet her, but the vessel on which she sailed, with all on board went down at sea.

In the summer of 1876, a pioneer, and his family, came into the park with two teams. His oldest boy, Ed, drove the second team. Sitting up on the seat beside Ed was his dog, Shaver, whom Ed sometimes cruelly teased. Coming down Park hill Ed reached round and pinched Shaver, and in so doing slackened the lines and the stiff-necked mules, pushed by the heavy down-hill load, began to trot. This caused a trunk just behind the seat to bounce open, and the end of Shaver's tail, that was sticking out behind, was caught by the lid as it came down. Shaver, thinking that Ed was pinching too hard, grabbed him by the ear. Meantime the stiff-necked mules had increased their speed, and this caused a rapid bouncing of the lid on Shaver's tail. Shaver tried to keep time with these bouncings with snaps at Ed's ear, while Ed,

more than busy with the rushing mules on the rough roads and unable to help himself with his hands, yelled at Shaver, but this frightened only the mules, and Shaver got more busy than ever, and the crisis was reached when household furniture, braying, frightened mules and a howling dog mixed up in a ditch.

On the 26th day of October, 1876, the first wedding occurred in the park at the Ferguson homestead cabin, where Rev. Coffman pronounced the marriage ceremony for Miss Anna Ferguson and Mr. Richard Hubbell.

The toll road from Lyons to the Park was completed in 1877, but in the nineties, after the charter of this road had expired, the company who had owned the road managed, through some technicalities of the law, not only to continue charging toll, but to increase the charges. Some Estes Park people tried to have toll charging stopped, or at least to have the charge reduced, but they did not succeed. J. E. Blair refused to pay and tore down the toll gate. He was arrested and fined. He tore the gate down again, and, joined by Abner E. Sprague, and at the expense of several hundred dollars and much annoyance these two men fought the battle to a legal finish. The toll company was defeated and these two men deserve the honor of giving Estes Park a free road.

The first public school was held in one of the cottages in Elkhorn Lodge in the winter of 1881. Early in the eighties Mr. Cleave began to keep a few articles for sale, and during the early nineties Mr. C. E. Lester, who was keeping a good little summer store, issued a very creditable advertising folder concerning Estes Park. The telephone line was com-

pleted in the summer of 1900, and the same winter W. T. Parke established an all-year-round store.

In 1886, F. H. Chapin, the Appalachian climber, first visited Estes Park, and during the summer, and in the summer of 1888, he did much exploring on peak and in canon adjacent to the park. Many of his experiences around, and thoughts in connection with Estes Park, are delightfully told in "Mountaineering in Colorado."

AWFUL NIGHT IN A BLIZZARD

Lost Above Timber Line Four Men and a Woman Are Forced to Camp Without Fire in Cleft of Rocks for Shelter From Terrible Storm

"Estes Park, Colo., Sept. 23, 1896—(Special to the Denver News)—The storm of Saturday and Sunday was a raging blizzard upon the mountain tops. During this storm some people missed their way on the Flattop trail, above timberline, at an altitude of about 12,000 feet above sea level. They were compelled to abandon their horses and burros. In the wildly whirling snow they finally found shelter in a rock cleft on the margin of a precipice of unknown depth. Here they, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sprague, F. P. Wolaver, A. W. Locke and James Cairns, spent a slow going night.

The following morning the storm was still raging though slightly subdued. Unable to longer endure the cold cleft all crawled from it and groped their way along the front of the precipice in the face of the storm. A descending gully was at last found and down this perilously steep place all, after severe trials descended in safety to gentler slopes in the woods.

Here a fire was built and all refreshed with lunch and water. They put in an exhausting all day effort over rocks, steeps and logs, but in the evening they at last reached Moraine Park.

The same stormy day, September 23rd, Miss Kate Wasmer, alone with the guide, made a most trying and plucky climb through the storm to the top of Long's Peak. This was a remarkable climb as it required extraordinary nerve and endurance. Even the horses could not be forced to go above timberline, so from this place Miss Wasmer proceeded on foot and several times was blown off her feet by the fury of the wind. From Keyhole upwards the rocks were dangerously icy, while the roaring wind flung cruel, cutting icy pellets and made the traversing of the narrow places extremely perilous. "At what point were you most frightened?" asked the guide of Miss Wasmer as they sat resting in a sheltered place on the summit, "At the place where you appeared about to say 'we must turn back.'"

The Denver papers tell that the first Fourth of July celebration was held in 1897. About one hundred and fifty people assembled near the present post-office to see the flag raised, to enjoy the basket dinner and to listen to the orator of the day—Enos A. Mills.

In February, 1899, two trappers on Grand river ran out of provisions and started across the range for Estes Park. On the snowy summit they became almost snow blind, but managed to make their way down Horseshoe Park, where by accident they ran against a deserted cabin in which they spent the night. The next morning one was totally blind and the other very nearly so. Being unable to keep on

the road, they followed Fall river. After hours of difficulty and danger they were attracted to the Hondins ranch by the barking of a dog. In February, 1902, while snow shoeing across Flattop on the way to Grand Lake, Enos A. Mills, in the midst of a blinding storm, walked out upon a snow cornice which overhung a precipice. The cornice caved off, but he managed to catch upon a narrow ledge just under the top of the precipice; but it was a close call. In February, 1903, a trapper from Grand river lost his way on Flattop during a storm and barely escaped with his life, after a perilous climb down the precipitous icy walls west of Moraine Park. He spent a night in the woods where his hands and feet were badly frozen. He finally reached the home of Mrs. Arah Chapman the next day.

Early in the summer of 1900 a man, in burning some logs out of a trail on the eastern slope of Long's Peak neglected the fire and it spread and killed more than a thousand acres of beautiful, valuable forest. During the same summer some campers left their camp fire burning when they departed and it wrought havoc among the forests on the South Fork and along the Flattop trail. Both fires resulted from inexcusable carlessness.

During the summer of 1902, Wind River Lodge was built and opened, Long's Peak Inn changed owners, and this year and each year since there has been a marked increase in the Park population.

January 6, 1903, is the date of a windstorm that did some damage, and September 7th the date of some earthquake shocks which caused some confusion but no damage. Nineteen hundred and three saw the

completion of the road along the Thompson river between the park and Loveland. This is one of the most scenic roads in the state and was built largely through the efforts of C. H. Bond and F. P. Stover.

J. D. Stead became the owner of Sprague's in 1904, and the following February a six times a week mail service was commenced in place of the tri-weekly

On August second, 1905, Louis Levings, who, with George Black was climbing down the face of Mount Ypsilon, fell and was killed by the giving way of the rock to which he was holding.

In 1907 an automobile stage line was established between the Park and Loveland, another one over the Lyons road in 1909. The automobile caused the picturesque old stage coach, that was so tiresome to travelers and so cruel to horses, to be laid aside. At first the people of the Park were almost unanimously, and many even bitterly, opposed to the automobile. But it was speedy and comfortable and from the begirning it brought increasing numbers of people to the Park and it consequently has added to the Park's prosperity and development.

Among the hotels recently established was the Horseshoe Inn and the Timberline in 1908; Moraine Lodge in 1910 and the Brinwood in 1911. In 1910 the Western Conference of the Y. M. C. A. commenced extensive improvements upon the former Wind River Lodge property. The plan of the conference is to have conventions and to conduct a large summer school.

For years a number of people had vainly endeavored to acquire a lot in the neighborhood of the



COLUMBINE
Colorado State Flower

Estes Park postoffice. This was at last made possible by Mr. C. H. Bond who acquired a laid out townsite. The first lots were sold in the fall of 1905. This townsite was purchased from John T. Cleave, the best known of the old timers. He was an honest but eccentric Englishman who came to the Park in the early seventies and was postmaster for thirty years.

The automobile, better mail service, the telephone and the increase of land owners all combined to make changes in the customs of the Park. One old custom long enjoyed by the early settlers was an annual public dinner. This commonly was given in the school house on Thanksgiving. Every one was invited and a few far off settlers came sometimes as far as twenty miles to attend. Occasionally, a Denver visitor or a straggling tourist was fortunate enough to be present. Generally there was some sort of a program in addition to the dinner. In effect, these dinners, like the old time log rollings, produced friendships and sympathetic, neighborly feelings; occasionally they promoted marriage.

During the winter of 1906-7, Mr. John Adams, an idealist and the most original character in the Park, organized and presided over an entertainment society which met weekly. Parts of every program were excellent; often some one presented something that thought filled, original and suggestive. These refreshing entertainments were given to crowded houses and their general atmosphere was that of a good country literary society.

The epoch making event in the history of the Park was the coming of Mr. F. O. Stanley. With

Mr. B. D. Sanborn he acquired the old Dunraven land holdings. Upon his part of the land Mr. Stanley at once commenced the building of the Stanley and the Stanley Manor hotels. Though not large they are modern and luxurious. A half million dollars was spent in building and in the equipment of them. They were lighted with electricity and in them were installed the first electrical cooking plants.

The investment of a half million dollars in a modern hotel in the wilds twenty-five miles from a railroad startled the business world; they also gave the Park publicity far and wide and greatly hastened its development. This large and adventurous investment showed great confidence in the future of Estes Park, required nerve, good business sense, the capacity to see the recreation needs of the near future and also something more and greater than these. The Stanley was opened in 1909 and the Manor in 1910. Both already are on a good business basis.

In September, 1906, the Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association was formed with Mr. Stanley as President and Mr. C. H. Bond, Secretary. The aim of this association was the development of the park through publicity, the building of roads and trails, the establishment and maintenance of a fish hatchery, the enforcement of the game laws and the protection of wild flowers. Most property owners at once became members.

Directly, as a result of the activities of this organization, a fish hatchery, which has placed several million young trout in our streams, built and maintained. The High line road and the Prospect mountain trail are the work of the organization. One of the best

things accomplished is the development of a sentiment that is protecting the big game. This organization condemned those who killed game out of season and it even discouraged hunting or shooting at any time. As a result, both mountain sheep and deer have become more numerous, tamer, and are frequently seen delightfully near the roadsides.

The wild flower notice posted by this association produced happy results. It has been copied by many civic bodies all over the United States. With the hope that it may be further useful it is reproduced in full.

"You can help keep Estes Park a beautiful wild garden.

SPARE THE FLOWERS!

Thoughtless people are destroying the flowers by the roots or picking too many of them.

Neither the roots nor the leafy stocks should be taken, and flowers, if taken, should be cut and not pulled.

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH AN ARMFUL OF FLOWERS?

Those who pull flowers up by the roots will be condemned by all worthy people, and also by

The Estes Park Protective and Improvement Association.

In 1909, Enos A. Mills commenced to urge that about six hundred square miles of the surrounding region be made the Estes National Park and Game Preserve. In September, 1909, a mass meeting of Estes Park people and a few outsiders, together with the members of the Association, unanimously endorsed this position.

The proposition progressed from the start and

the press of the country have given it extraordinary publicity. In this connection, Mr. J. Horace McFarland, President of the American Civic Association, visited the Park in May, 1910, and has enthusiastically endorsed the measure. It is steadily winning friends among spirited citizens and the ultimate, perhaps early establishment of this National Park is assured.

The extraordinary scenery and the delightful climate of this region probably will early make it one of the most popular recreation places in all the world. With this we stop at "the perpetually moving spot where history ends and prophecy begins."




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